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I AM FOR WAR!

MR. HAMLIN GARLAND's poem, which we happened to run across in the *New York World*, inspires us. Indeed, the more we read it the more we agree with Mr. Edward J. Wheeler, editor of *Current Opinion*, who says of it that "there is a philosophy here expressed that grows more and more significant as you reflect upon it." So impressed and inspired are we by this classic that we, too, want to write a poem. But we don't know just how. So at our request Mr. A. R. Ascal, the well-known writer, has submitted a companion piece for Mr. Garland's verses, which, with due apologies to Mr. Garland, we are pleased to present to our readers.—THE EDITORS.

THE LURE OF THE BUGLE.

BY HAMLIN GARLAND.

I AM for war.
Here every day I lead a cow to field
And, after, grunt at lifting stones upon a wall.
Each eve I bring the stupid beast to byre,
And milk, and eat, and go to sweaty bed,
To rise at dawn-light to another round—
I am for war!

I am for war!
With soldiering would come a handsome suit
And comradeship with those who laugh and sing.
Far countries I would see, and I would hear
The caroling of bugles and the voice of guns,
Whilst here is only bawl of bulls and cluck of hens—
I am for war.

I am for war.
I'm tired of pitching endless piles of dung.
My soul demands a change—I'm not afraid!—
Let death confront me on the field of fight—
Better die so than on a filthy cot
At close of this my senseless petty life—
I am for war.

I am for war.
My brothers lead their troops in storied lands,
Whilst I root here a dirty pig in pen,
Longing to be of those who grind the walls
Of distant cities into dusty heaps.
That Death is there I know full well—but
I am for war.

I am for war.
All men must die. Some fall in factories of wool,
Some faint in foundries under molten steel,
Some in foul mines deep-buried in the dark,
But most, like me, in stinking servitude to swine.
All, all, must die at last, and so—
I am for war!

I am for war.
Perhaps in some far-shining distant town
It may befall that women, strange and fair,
Will turn to me, a captain in command,
And plead for mercy with uplifted palms;
And I will rescue them and shelter them—
My voice is for war!

THE LURE OF SEVERAL THINGS.

BY A. R. ASCAL.

I AM for arson.
Here every day I lead a cow to field
And, after, grunt at lifting stones upon a wall.
Each eve I bring the stupid beast to byre,
And milk, and eat, and go to sweaty bed,
To rise at dawn-light to another round—
I am for arson!

I am for forgery.
With profitable crime come handsome clothes
And comradeship with those who reel in wealth.
Great cities I would see, and I would know
The thrill of master cleverness and praise—
While here is only dirty tasks and vile abuse—
I am for forgery!

I am for burglary.
I'm tired of pitching endless piles of dung.
My soul demands a change—I'm not afraid!—
Let law confront me in a safety vault—
Better serve time than in a hovel here
Serve out the sentence of my senseless life—
I am for burglary!

I am for dope.
My brothers dream of beauties fairy-like,
Whilst I root here a dirty pig in pen,
Longing to be of those who hit the pipe
In distant unexplored Bohemias.
That Death lurks in it, that I know full well—but
I am for dope!

I am for murder.
All men must die. Some fall in factories of wool,
Some faint in foundries under molten steel,
Some in foul mines deep-buried in the dark,
But most, like me, in stinking servitude to swine.
All, all, must die at last, and so—
I am for murder!

I am for rape.
Perhaps in some far-shining distant town
It might befall that women, strange and fair,
Would turn to me, the master of their fate,
And plead for mercy with uplifted palms;
And would I rescue them and shelter them?—
I am for rape!

BOOK REVIEWS

New Wars for Old. By John Haynes Holmes. Dodd, Mead & Company, New York. 1916. 350 p., with bibliography and index. \$1.50.

The dominant characteristic of this book is its honesty. Dr. Holmes undertakes the difficult task of proving unansweredly the efficacy of love in national and international dealings, and of pointing out the practicable application of this doctrine. But the reader is met with no begging of the question, no evasion of exasperating "practical" arguments, no shirking of the obligation of proving the point up to the hilt and beyond. There is nothing specious here, and yet neither is there aught that fails to ring true to the highest possible conception of the doctrine of Christ Himself. The fire and

passion of the writer's eloquence, and no less the tough fibre of his inexorable logic, must leave their impression upon the most skeptical. This is red-blooded pacifism. It is safe to say that no one, whatever the color of his beliefs, can read and forget Dr. Holmes' chapter on the "Practicability of Non-resistance."

The Acorn-Planters. By Jack London. The Macmillan Company, New York. 1916. 84 p. 75 cts. A dramatic poem cast in two scenes, prolog, and epilog.

The most remarkable feature of this little book is that it is written by Jack London. We have heard of late of the "red-blooded men" doing many strange things, but Mr. London